

Drove 20 Hours (But It's Hopeless)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/38483053) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/38483053>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Dream SMP , Minecraft (Video Game)
Relationship:	Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound & Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Characters:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Mentioned Dream SMP Ensemble , Swearing , POV Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Superpowers , Villains , just a bunch of funny times , Fluff , Alternate Universe - Superheroes/Superpowers , Mentioned TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Sir, This is a Drive Thru Universe
Collections:	DSMP Spin The Wheel , hixpatch's all time favorites
Stats:	Published: 2022-04-19 Words: 4,167 Chapters: 1/1

Drove 20 Hours (But It's Hopeless)

by [ICH0R](#)

Summary

Chasing a much needed break, The Dream Team decides to take a road trip. Turns out, when you put a pyromaniac and a telekinetic in a car together with only one responsible person, it becomes a mess.

Title from "Roadtrip" by Dream and PMBata

Notes

This oneshot was written for thanotaphobia's spin the wheel prompt contest! My prompt was "Dream Team Road-trip" so here we go.

I used characters from my own fanfic, but you don't have to read that to understand this. Basically, Dream Team are villains and people have superpowers.

And Yes, I got carried away.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

When Dream decided to become villains with his best friends, he didn't think there would be so much work. Yeah, it was for a good cause, but sometimes he just wanted to get a full night's rest.

This led to him to now: packing things into their too-small car. With several assurances from The Hermits that the city wouldn't fall apart without them, he was going to partake in a road trip all the way to their neighbors to the south.

Hopefully it would be a somewhat calming trip. They could see some sights, get some fresh air, not have any worries. Knowing Sapnap something would get set on fire, but a little bit of arson never hurt anyone.

"Dream! Did you get the fireworks?!" Speak of the devil.

"Yes, I packed your fireworks." He sighs, rolling his eyes when Sapnap isn't looking.

"Gogy is on his way, said he needed to grab something."

Goddammit. He's going to try to sneak in his laptop when it's meant to be a no work trip.

"Fine. You know what?! Fine! If he so desperately wants to ruin his own time then we'll let him." Dream angrily murmurs, mainly talking to himself.

"Okay, first off I'm not ruining my own time. Second, what if you two dumbasses manage to mess something up? Hm? How will I fix it without my laptop?" George appears, laptop tucked beneath his arm. For someone who could manipulate any technology however he wanted, that laptop was like his lifeline.

"We won't mess anything up."

He slams the trunk shut, finally satisfied with the amount of items inside. Leaving behind items could mean certain disaster. Dream would not stand for smelly breath in their small car. He would sooner reveal his identity to the entire city.

"Let's go!" Sapnap screams, running towards him.

The car locks on its own—George—before he reaches the passenger side door. Sapnap pulls on the door handle for a few pointless seconds before giving up.

"That's my seat you're trying to take." George says.

"George! Please! I'm a big guy, football built, I can't sit in the back! I need fresh air!"

"Sorry Sap. George has to program the GPS." Dream pats his friend mockingly on the back.

Sapnap doesn't step away from the car, a despairing look on his face. "Please."

Dream sighs and reaches out with his power. A green glow wraps around Sapnap, pushing him back a few steps and making way for George to open the door with a smirk.

"Thanks Dream."

"DREAM!"

They both speak at the same time, yet it's comically easy for them to be told apart.

"I'm not going to sit here for an hour while I wait for you two to argue." He rounds the car to open the driver's door. "If you two act like this in the car, someone is getting thrown out."

"Just say it'll be me, we all know George is your favorite!" Sapnap glows green again and is forcefully shoved into the backseat, a seatbelt moving itself to buckle around him. "Hey!"

"Shut up or we will fucking leave you."

From what Dream can see in the rear-view mirror, Sapnap starts to sulk. It's nothing new, he's always sulking for some reason. At least this time it isn't because he didn't get to light something on fire, the pyromaniac he is.

"Route set." The GPS says, and George leans back in his seat.

"Alright. So I say we hit a McDonalds then follow this GPS to the museum."

Dream merges onto the highway, guiding the car smoothly along. For a lot of people the rush of others cars could force nerves into a mind, but unlike them nothing is out of his control. Telekinesis has it perks.

"McDonalds sounds good." George agrees.

"And the museum?"

"Normally we break into those to steal, and now you want us to pay and look." Sapnap deadpans.

"Have you ever stopped to appreciate what's in the museum?" A pause. "Exactly."

"McDonalds on this exit." George says.

All the cars on his right are too crowded for him to make it to the exit in time, but a little meddling wouldn't hurt. A few cars take on a greenish glow, slowing down to make way for him.

Smoothly, he crosses the lanes to get into the exit.

"Dream! You can't just move the cars!" George yells.

"They were in my way!"

"Oh, so Mr. Telekinesis can use his powers to move cars but when I try to light something on fire everybody freaks out?!"

"That's different." Dream scolds. "That's a felony."

"Felony... fun... both start with F."

"Your IQ is so far in the negatives that it's an infinite number." George sighs, rubbing at his forehead.

"Fuck off."

"I can't."

"I'm going to kill myself." Dream groans, hands tightening on the wheel.

"Oh hey! There's the McDonalds!" Sappnap smushes his face against the window, something Dream can't even be bothered to yell at him for.

Maybe this whole roadtrip thing was a bad idea. They could've just had a day out, went to a park, fed the ducks. All of this was Tommy Innit's fault because this was his stupid idea.

Mentally, Dream adds "murder Tommy Innit" to his to-do list. Figuratively murdering him, of course.

"How many things of sauce do you think they'll give me if I ask for exactly 23?" Sappnap leans forward, a wicked grin lighting up his face.

You can stop the man from being a villain but you can't take the villain out of the man. He was a force of chaos, and if Dream wanted to stay sane he had to let him get the 23 sauces.

"At least get some honey for my nuggets." He instructs, pulling up to the speaker.

For a McDonalds, it was strangely dead. A few cars were in the parking lot—workers—and another car was at the second window receiving food, but that was it. Hopefully it would mean fast service, not that Sappnap would get his 23 sauces.

"Hello, welcome to McDonalds, what can I get for you today?" The speaker crackles.

"Can I get a six-piece nugget meal with fries and a medium coke to drink?"

George leans over once Dream is done with his order to speak up. "And I'll have the Double cheeseburger, no pickles, with a large fry and a medium coke."

"I want the quarter pounder with cheese bacon! Large fry and a large coke." Sappnap yells, causing both Dream and George to wince.

"...any sauce to go with that?"

"Can I get 10 honey packets and 13 barbeque?"

The worker sighs, sound warping through the crappy speakers. "Sure, whatever. That'll be \$19.24 at the next window."

Dream leaves his window down as he slowly moves to the first window, scrambling to find his wallet. Several items levitate before he finds the leather square, floating in the air like clouds. He grabs out his card to hand to whoever is working. Being a supervillain meant great pay, surprisingly.

George coughs loudly, and Dream's eyes widen as he remembers to lower the objects back to their positions.

"I won't get us into a mess George." He mocks.

"Shut up, I'm paying for our food. Be grateful."

The window opens to some guy in a headset and 3-D glasses on. He pops a piece of bubble gum before taking Dream's offered card. It gets swiped then returned.

"Want a receipt?"

"Yes." Sapnap says, leaning across the middle console and Dream to take the receipt.

Dream swats him back, frowning.

"Food at the next window."

Awkwardly, he nods, guiding the car forward. The other car before them was long gone, off on its own adventure. Not nearly as exciting as theirs.

"Here." Another criminally underpaid worker thrusts a bag at them, another box following quickly after. Then three drinks, and yet another bag.

While Dream scrambles to pass out everything and take it all from the worker's hands, Sapnap is entirely unhelpful and just takes the small bag.

"Excuse me, there's only 12 barbeque sauces in here. I asked for 13."

"Fuck off and die."

"Oh."

George laughs, turning away from the girl working the food window to try and save face. Sapnap, for the first time this long and miserable ride, is completely silent.

"Thank you." Dream says. "Thank you so fucking much for finally shutting him up."

"Uh, you're welcome? Is that all?"

"George?" He turns to the now composed man, trusting he looked through their food to make sure none was missing.

"Yup."

"That's all. Have a nice day!"

"You too! But not the fucker in the backseat!"

The addition sends the car into another round of laughter, even as Dream has to pay attention to the road as he drives away.

A few nuggets float into the air, his drink hovering in front of him.

"Hey Dream, here's your honey."

Ten honey packets join the other items in the air.

"I spy with my little eye, something green." Sapnap exclaims through a mouthful of food.

"Make a mess of food in my car and see what happens." Dream threatens.

"IM COLORBLIND SAPNAP!" George yells.

"Anyways, I spy something green."

Three hours later, a lot of yelling, messing up I spy games, and the loss of quite a bit of sanity, they arrive at the museum. George, having been upset about the whole colorblind I Spy thing, rerouted them seven times.

Seven.

Fucking.

Times.

But it was all fine. They made it in the end, all alive enough. No murder.

"A Museum of Creativity." Sapnap reads aloud. "We've never robbed one of these."

"Say that any louder, why not?" Dream asks him quietly, before faking a loud laugh. "Ha! Good one!"

Several people around them stare, but nobody asks if they're actual robbers or villains, so it's a win.

"The website says they have cool stuff."

"George Not Found, you have such a way with words." Sapnap pretends to swoon, hand pressed to his forehead and wobbling in place.

"What he's trying to say is you won't be bored."

"I'm not going to enjoy some kids museum."

They reach the front of the line to enter. Even though Dream had declared they would be following the law, George had kind-of maybe used his powers to get them a free digital copy of tickets.

Not afraid of getting caught, they go through without a hitch. George is glowing with pride subtly, but noticeably. He always seems happiest when his powers do something useful.

The walls are painted in rainbow colors, a golden brick path guiding them to exhibits. Hanging from the ceiling are dozens of paper cranes and paper airplanes, hiding the sky-painted ceiling. A few posters adorn the walls, advertising Coke and Bubblegum.

"The closest exhibit is the bed of nails." He reads off his phone.

"Great! Let's head there!" Dream exclaims.

"We aren't little kids, this won't be fun."

"Stop being a party pooper. Nobody likes a party pooper."

"I'm not being a party pooper! It's the cold, hard truth."

"You say that, but you haven't even seen the bed of nails yet." In perfect timing, he extends his arms to motion at the so-called bed of nails.

It's some contraption that people can lay in, then nails will rise up until they fully support the person's weight. Funnily enough, the people are the safest they've even been with Dream here to stop them from falling into the nails.

"You first Sapnap." He says, turning to his friend.

"What? Hell no."

"Hell yes. You're the established party pooper, go!"

Sapnap takes a hesitant step forward before turning to George.

"No." George says before he can open his mouth. "Go."

Sulking, he steps forward. It's comical how carefully he lies on the bed, lowering himself down at a slow pace. After he's there for a moment—after his weight settles—he starts to rise up on the nails.

He shrieks, startling people, and closes his eyes.

"Come on! You got this!" Dream supports.

As it turns out, he doesn't not have it.

The bed of nails bursts into flames, all coming from Sapnap.

In the moment of shock before the panic, George turns to Dream.

"I told you."

It snaps him out of his own surprise, forcing him into motion.

"George! Fire alarm!"

He uses his power to push people out of the room, haul Sapnap up, and start them on a run out of there.

"Wait!" George huffs, resisting the pull of his powers.

"Oh my god! I'm so sorry!" Sapnap yells, brushing stray flames off his clothes.

"George, hurry up! We can't burn the place to the ground!"

With a loud pop, water starts pouring down on them. The blinking red lights on every camera simultaneously turn off. George must've erased the footage and shut down the cameras, smart.

"Now we can go."

Dream's power keeps them together through the crowded hallways, moving others out of their way. In all the panic nobody notices the green glow, letting him use it freely.

The second they're clear of the doors his power drops, and they start booking it to the car.

"I'm so sorry!" Sapnap repeats, screaming so the wind doesn't carry away his voice.

"I knew this would happen! I knew it!" George screams back.

"I'm not in the mood for it George, hurry up!"

The car unlocks from the distance, and Dream uses the buff of his powers to reach it first. Once everyone is in their seatbelts buckle and he races away from the museum.

George pulls out his laptop, opening it then turning to Dream.

He's going to kill Sapnap. They can't have one nice thing, can they?!

"Add five thousand to their funding." Dream instructs George.

"What?!" Sapnap yelps. "Why are we giving them money?!"

"Because you set the place on fire?! I don't want to hear another word out of you for the next hour, zip your mouth and keep it that way."

"Dream." George scolds quietly. Then he continues with the report on the money, "money has been added."

"Hopefully that'll fix whatever we broke."

How could Sapnap fight against literal super-powered heroes and not burst into flames, but when lying on a bed of nails he just had to flame on? They should probably talk about that later, but right now he's too stressed. He probably grew gray hairs just for that.

Reaching forward, he turns up the radio, letting the music of Glass Animals carry the stress away.

When his eyes start to unfocus, moon high in the sky, he shakes George awake to find them a hotel. Originally the trip was meant to be crime-free, but he's beyond that. Sometimes crime was just easier.

His sleepy friend fumbles around for a few minutes before producing a confirmation of booking, handing off his phone then promptly falling back asleep. George has always had that ability; to just pass out whenever he wants.

Dream used to envy him, until one day he just felt like sleeping in the middle of a fucking fight and dropped. That created a new rule of their villainous activities: no sleeping on the job.

As they pull into the Marriott hotel, he debates his options. There's shaking his friends awake, or honking the horn.

It was never a choice though.

He honks the horn.

In retrospect, it was a dumb idea. Sapnap, being the youngest of them, didn't have as much practice with his powers. That was already proven once today. Dream just had to go and prove it again, didn't he?

With a yell, Sapnap wakes up flaming. No, literally flaming.

Dream screams, trying to throw himself out of the car. They're all going to go up in fucking flames! Die a miserable death on a road trip that hasn't even made it one day!

His seat belt catches him, and he hastens to unbuckle it before escaping the car. Plumes of smoke are already rising, Sapnap still blinking around inside.

"Oh fuck, George!" Dream realizes aloud.

"I'm right here."

He appears next to him, staring calmly at their burning car.

Sapnap finally seems to realize he's burning their car down, because the flames extinguish themselves. He reaches out to the door, only to be stopped when they don't open.

"Hey!" He yells. The barrier causes him to be muffled.

"George, kiddie lock? Really?" Dream wheezes.

"He deserves it, just a little. Twice in one day? Really?"

Sapnap presses a hand to the window of their scorched car, and soon the glass melts.

"Yeah, go ahead and ruin the car more." Dream huffs, crossing his arms.

His arm reaches through the window to unlock his own door. It allows him to stumble out, scowling in anger.

"You burnt the car first." Dream intercepts him on his mission to George. "Actually, you burnt the museum first. Then the fucking car."

"You put a man in the backseat. You don't do that unless you want disaster." He dismisses.

"Let's just go to the room. In the morning we can call an Uber or something."

"Uber to the city?" Sapnap asks.

"No, you dumbass, Uber home."

Sapnap pouts, giving him a sad look, "but I liked the road trip!"

"Well maybe you shouldn't have gone and barbecued our car then!"

"I'm glad this stupid trip is over." George says.

"George, shut up." Both Dream and Sapnap chorus.

—

The morning sun wakes Dream up, painfully bright against his freshly-opened eyeballs. Oh, no, wait. That was fire.

"Sapnap." He groans, turning to his side and blindly grasping for the man.

George, the bitch he was, booked them a two bed room, proceeded to take a bed all to himself, and stuck Dream and Sapnap together. They had built a nice little pillow wall, but if the flames coming from his right are anything to judge by, it's long gone.

His hand touches something hot, and he yells, body hitting the ground with a thud.

The Sapnap fire counter was up to three, and the long list of reasons they were never taking a road trip grew.

"Sapnap!" He yells, now awake.

"Dude, I'm trying to sleep."

"Turn off your fucking flames!"

"My what?"

"Your—"

A high pitched beep comes from somewhere above them, and water starts to pour down on them. From the other bed George starts sputtering, the cold shower proving to be an unfortunate wake-up.

"What's going on?!" He shrieks.

"Turn it off." Sapnap reaches for his pillow, placing it over his head.

Dream watches as George presses a hand to the wall, shutting off the fire alarm. Unfortunately, from experience, he knows the fire department were already called. If they wanted to avoid getting arrested they had to leave. Now.

"Everyone up, we have to go." He declares, standing up.

Waves of dizziness hit him, but he pushes through it to grab George by the arm and haul him up. Next is Sapnap, who reignited after the sprinklers shut off, so he just chucks a shoe at him.

"Dream, I'm warm!" Sapnap complains.

"Yeah, you're warm because you're on fire!" Fed up with his bullshit, Dream uses his telekinesis to pick the man-child up.

"Put me down!"

"No. George, how much time do you think we have?"

From his spot at the window, George looks up.

"None."

"Oh, great."

He takes a deep inhale, exhaling slowly. Sapnap gets dumped on George's bed while he tries to make their villain outfits fly to them. All hopes of a peaceful road trip were thrown out the window.

Or, rather, through the window.

The glass shatters as three bundles of clothes hit it at high speeds, Dream's own mask leading. They continue until they're at their respective owners.

"Put your stuff on. We make this look intentional, got it? Dream Team makes no mistakes."

"This trip was a mistake." George grumbles, turning away from them to head to the bathroom.

"Don't look." Sapnap says.

"Like I'd want to look at your flat ass."

Either way, he turns and starts to pull on his own clothes. The familiar green hoodie, the anonymity of his mask. George made them pack their outfits, just like how he took his laptop. Maybe this entire thing was George's fault! George must've jinxed them!

"You done?" Dream asks.

"I can't find my gloves!"

"Take mine." He tosses them, managing to hit Sapnap in the face. "Don't burn them."

"They're fireproof, dumbass."

"Not in the inside, asshole!"

"Kids, stop fighting." George emerges from the bathroom, glasses already on. "Less talking more escaping."

His clout goggles prevent Dream from seeing his expression, much like how his mask does the same. Sapnap was already wiped from every database, so his stupid white bandana did nothing to hide his identity or expressions.

"Right. What's the plan again?" Sapnap looks around at them, at the bland (and very charred) hotel room, and at the window.

"I'll just put the fire truck on the roof, poof us out the window, and everything will be fine." Dream shrugs. "George, call the Uber."

"You want us to escape in an Uber."

"Yup."

"...Okay. Are we going to pay them?"

"Yeah, why not. Sap, got any change for the tip?"

"Uh, yeah, I think so."

He digs into his pocket, producing a twenty. Dream snatches it from him, knowing that left in the possession of Sapnap it will burn.

"Our Uber driver is a woman named Alyssa. She's driving a black car and will be here in... two minutes." George reads aloud.

"Great. Everyone ready?"

"No." Sapnap deadpans.

"Eh, too bad."

He makes his way to the window carefully, avoiding all the glass so he can get a good view of the fire truck. A variety of people are gathered around it.

They're probably talking about why the fire alarm and sprinklers just shut off, or maybe why they went off in the first place. But if they don't have their vehicle, what are they going to do? Chase their Uber on foot?

The small people start visibly panicking when the truck glows green, floating up into the air like it's nothing. Like chickens with their heads cut off, they run around in circles. If Dream could hear, he's willing to bet they're screaming some sort of mixture of:

"Our truck!"

And,

"Dream!"

And,

"Oh no!"

All sensible, but useless, reactions.

The truck floats up until it's out of Dream's view, up until it's settled safely on the roof. He doesn't know how they'll get it down, but at least he didn't cause damage to it. Reporters will have fun trying to twist him safely placing it on the roof into him terrorizing the city.

George sighs from behind him.

"Try not to drop us so harshly this time."

"I will do what I please."

Dream takes a few steps back.

"Dream no." George exclaims.

"Do a flip!" Sappnap yells.

He runs the first two steps, taking the third step to launch himself upward. Diving through windows was a new passion he was exploring. Some people liked knitting, some liked athletics. But not him. He was simply built different like that.

As they hurl through the air, the voices of people become louder.

"Everyone run!"

"It's the Dream Team!"

"Hello!" The last one is from Sappnap, waving at the crowd below.

"Uber's here." George says, and Dream looks over his shoulder to find him pointing at the lonely car.

"Right. Sapnap, give them a show."

"Hey! People!" Sapnap shouts, "want to see something cool?"

The air heats up, and Dream winces for his poor gloves. A loud hiss sounds, screams following shortly after.

"I threw a fireball at our room. That work?"

"It should." George hums.

They reach the ground at the car, opening their doors. Sapnap goes to the passenger seat, George and Dream in the back.

"Hello, I'm Alyssa and I'll be your Uber driver for today. Where are we going?"

"L'manberg." Dream says awkwardly.

"L'manberg is hours away. You know that, right?" She stares at them, not a single care in her eyes.

"Um, yeah. We'll pay for it."

"Sure. If you tip extra I won't tell anyone about this."

Was she blackmailing them? Yes, she was. And yes, it was working.

"Deal." He accepts.

"Okay. If you want to listen to music, feel free."

After a moment of silence, Sapnap leans forward and turns on a country station. Dream doesn't have the heart to change it, his exhaustion coming back to him. After the adrenaline comes the crash, and here was his.

What a disaster.

"Wake me up when we get there." He whispers to George, adjusting until he's comfortable.

George gives a small nod, turning to watch the world move by the window.

Maybe, if he's lucky, he'll wake up and discover this was all a nightmare.

(Spoiler: he doesn't. He has to spend three weeks taking shit from various villains, vigilantes, and heroes for Sapnap setting things on fire)

End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed!

It was super cool interacting with other writers and being in a discord with them. This was the first time I did anything like that, and I absolutely loved it.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!